THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 33.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXIX.

BY my own experience, and by many a lamentable history of my correspondents, I have long ago learned how dangerous it is for man to put his peace in jeopardy, for the sake of a sneer, or a sarcasm, at the fair sex. To attack women is as perilous an enterprise, as that of the rash and greedy school-boy, who, for the chance of tasting a little honey, shakes and overturns a bee-hive. Let my friend, Florian, forbear these rude assaults, and march no more on this forlorn hope against beauty. Let him not violate the privileges of the sex. They have a prescriptive right to prattle. To sip tea in junto; to analyse muslin, and criticise lace; to speculate on the sticks of a fan, and dogmatize on a ribbon's lustre; to hint at Celia's good nature, or jest at the flushed face of some Lady Noyau, are the immunities of the sex. To talk scandal, after the fourth cup of tea, especially if made of caustic gun-powder, is only an innocent freedom. To calumniate our neighbours is not peculiar to the ladies, and to censure others for those faults of which we are ourselves notoriously guilty, is a deed of inconsistency, coeval with the birth of human nature.

As a Lounger, I have had many opportunities to hearken to the remarks both of busy and lazy ladies. I am convinced they will persevere, in their conduct, to the end of the chapter, careless of the corrections, even of so good a critic as Florian. Let him, in future, visit the toilet, not to animadvert, but to admire. After the gay study of Sir Richard Steele, or the severer application to a Spanish author, let him repair, in a spirit of good nature, to the cheering society of some pretty female. Let him be careful, first, to praise her beauty, and then to depreciate the charms of her rivals. Let him mingle caresses with criticisms, and blend the fondness of the lover, with the sportiveness of conversation, and I am positive Florian will no longer be inclined to molest the fair, whether they talk much or little. Favour will produce placability. The smiles of beauty will cause the mentor to forget his office, and the belles in future will read nothing but their panegyric in the pages of Florian.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

YOUR friend, Florian, seems to be such a *knowing* gentleman, that I feel considerable diffidence upon entering the lists with him, as I cannot boast of having either a 'Spanish author,' or Plato, nor even Addison sufficiently at my finger ends to render me much service. It is from the most benevolent spirit I undertake it, as I am confident Florian would be grievously mortified and disappointed at not being able to provoke one woman to reply, when he has laboured so industriously to be noticed by them.

The aspen tree has been long a *standing* simile for women's tongues; but were it not for the rude breath of Eolus, Boreas, Zephyrus, and Auster,* which induces that constant and tremulous motion, the delicate aspen would modestly recline its head: so the rude breath of man brings into action that 'uncommonly attenuated, peculiar nerve or fibre,' said to be the peculiar property of the female tongue.

In the name of patience, what is desired of us? If we endeavour to make our way through life with modesty and 'shame facedness,' we are insipid; if with gaiety and cheerfulness, we are called trifling chatterboxes. Alas! fault finding man, you can neither live with us, nor without us, but you must shew your consequence by finding fault. Some persons cannot view a picture or a book without criticising, fearful that you should doubt their taste and powers of discrimination, while, at the same time, they expose their ignorance.

Florian has artfully endeavoured to blend his censures of both sexes; but his partiality towards his weak brethren is very evident; in lashing them, he must smart himself, and we do not often voluntarily inflict pain upon ourselves.

BEATRICE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And he said unto me—'what seest thou?'—And I said—a basket of Summer fruit."

In every annual revolution there are certain periods, at which men indulge ideas of association whence they may derive, either the pleasant or the profitable. Thus, the gradual approach of cheerful spring, the youth of the year, naturally induces us to speculate upon the youth of human life; the naked boughs and drooping leaf of the autumnal tree, remind us of mortal decay. On the first of January, we ponder on the past, and project for the future: by the command of custom, we note the anniversary of our birth, and, by the command of the law, *times to weep*, and *to laugh*, we observe with religious solemnities.

These periodical habits are of peculiar utility, and deserve to be studiously cherished. They beget serious reflection, and communion with one's self. They suggest, at least, *plans* of reformation. 'In castle building,' as a sagacious philosopher has remarked, 'no man is a villain.' Though our *intended* good deeds terminate, as they began, in reverie, still it is better for our thoughts merely to hover round the temple of virtue, than to be utterly stagnant. Among the forcible arguments, ingeniously urged, by the pious advocate for the observance of the sacred day, that is not the least impressive, which proves that by going mechanically to church, we shall, at length, go religiously there.

For these, and other reasons, a sermon on the season may be useful. Whatever recalls man from low cares to extended views, whatever rouses sensibility, and excites to gratitude and a love of nature, is surely meritorious. The Lay Preacher, since the commencement of his weekly labours, has seen, and attempted to moralize the natural operations of January, of May, and of June. The beginnings and middle of a favoured year have passed in review before him; but the rich *maturity* remains to be considered, and extolled. Though the curious and the dissipated of our cities boast of their expensive exhibitions; though, with rapture, they gather round the tutored quadrupeds of Lailson, and of Rickets, still there are '*sights*,' easily and cheaply to be seen, which are incomparably more amusing and gorgeous. To the beauteous show of the season, men and brethren, you are invited, not by the advertisement of an adventurer, not by a juggler's devices, but by the voice of Nature. Her *tickets* are inscribed on the green leaf, and the corn blade, and her spacious *Amphitheatre* is open to you without a fee. All may now discern, in reality, what the Prophet saw, in the obscurity of a vision, 'a basket of summer fruit,' ripe and plenteous, testifying the goodness of the year, and crowning it with gladness.

Spring and Summer are periods of expectation. The farmer beholds the corn fall into the bosom of the ground, and the young shoots rise, but all is uncertainty, till the produce is gathered into the garner. Many an anxious look is cast up to the varying sky, lest the former and the latter rain should too scantily, or too copiously descend, lest the sun should too fiercely glow, or mildewing vapours float, on vegetation. But, when the grass is dried and secured, when the mellow fruit of the orchards is melting into his casks, and the *harvest* moon lights his reaper to the last wheat sheaf, then is solicitude appeased, and he exultingly exclaims, 'I have finished.'

The present is the very period, in which harvest, that 'consummation so devoutly to be wished,' by every husbandman, takes place. Of those divines, who use themselves to preach occasional sermons, I perceive it is the practice to paint and to praise the benefits of that particular year, in which its eulogium is composed. But it is not the design of this discourse to speak only of the *fruit basket* of the present season. Our baskets are always full; ours are those regular alternations of heat and moisture, which beget plenty to the husbandman, for we have 'a south land,' and 'springs of water,' we have the 'upper and the nether springs.'

At all times, America seems a privileged quarter of the globe. Fruit, ever abounding, and eaten in tranquillity, marks our happy distinction. These topics being slightly considered, the patience of the reader shall be relieved by the close of the sermon.

Whatever historical volumes, or system of geography we peruse, we find that most coun-

* I might, in plain every-day language, say the *winds*, but this would not do in reply to a Florian. It also gives me an opportunity of shewing my *learning*, besides furnishing a note, which, in my opinion, always gives an air of consequence to a composition.—What would the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE be without them!

tries are exposed either to baleful vicissitudes of climate, or the capricious violence of tempest, drought, or inundation. In the hallowed volume, almost every verse, allusive to the natural history of Palestine, in old time, contains some memorial of the irregularity of its seasons. Agreeably to modern travellers, the inhabitants of many parts of the East, still smart under the scourge of the elements. In Syria, rain is not witnessed for months, and who has not heard of the scorching sands of Arabia? The Nile, the grand fertilizer of Egypt, like an over fond parent, sometimes smothers the object which it cherishes. Cairo, the mart of nations, sometimes bemoans in dust, her scanty harvests,

"And Mecca saddens at their long decay."

If we survey regions of happier temperature, still the journals of their weather mark extreme variableness, and, in many years, the 'baskets of summer fruit' are not high piled. We can scarcely look at a paragraph of foreign news in our Gazettes, without remarking a melancholy narrative of the scarcity of corn, and of a famished populace, clamoring for bread. But when, my countrymen, do you suffer these calamities? What year is of such Egyptian sterility, that you can be asked the question, proposed to the prophet, in my text, and not answer, like him? The rains do not descend, nor the floods come, in such torrents, as to drown our plains. The green corn is not burnt by vertical sun beams, nor overthrown by a mighty wind. The fields regularly yield meat; and, in our Samaria, there is no gate, where the portress is famine.

When the harvests of America are ripe, the produce is without defalcation. According to Brydone, a Sicilian grandee engrosses what the Sicilian peasant has sown. But here, if we do not sit under the vine and the fig tree, if the pomegranate glow not in our groves, nor the olive soothe our fickle palate, with her blandest juice, yet our vales are rich in vegetable gold, and our mountains rear their fertile heads to heaven.

To close the enumeration of our blessings, we pluck our full ears, and we eat them in safety. In France the 'dogs of war' have trampled the vines of Champagne, and weeping Flanders has exchanged the tilled for the 'ten'ed field' Bonaparte has desolated the Italian plains, and European corn has been cut, not by the sickle of the labourer, but by the soldier's faulchion. But, by the benignity of Providence, we contemplate 'baskets,' orchards, and vales of 'Summer fruit,' and through the gay perspective not a single *pike*, not a distant gleam of horrid steel, mars the view. Fortunate America! like Israel of old, you 'dwell in safety alone.' Your heavens drop down dew, and your fountain is upon a land of corn!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I think it is Mr. Addison, who quotes the following passage from Dryden, and highly praises its sense and spirit. The classical reader will find the very curious original in one of the satires of Persius, where that poet of the *Portico* takes occasion to describe the pleadings and blandishments of two of the most powerful passions. The poet supposes a juvenile student is assailed by the alternate application to his feelings and wishes, by Avarice and Luxury. Mr. Dryden has, indeed, translated this fine passage, from a virtuous ancient, in a manner wonderfully nervous. But I have chosen to contrast it with the more modern version of Mr. Drummond. Both translations are eminently beautiful. But one excels in strength, and one in splendour. Dryden is full of vigour, but Drummond has more grace. One you respect as a chieftain, and the other you love as a companion.

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap,
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The tyrant, Lucre, no denial takes;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes:
What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord,
Why rise, make ready, and go straight abroad.
With fish from Euxine seas thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coa wines, the precious weight.
Of pepper and Sæbæn incense take,
And with post haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear;
'Tis wholesome, sin: but Jove, thou sayst, will hear:
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even—
A *tradesman* thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back,
Nothing retards thy voyage now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil question, friend,
What dost thou make a ship board? to what end?
Art thou of Beth'lem's noble college free?
Stark staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown george, with lousy swobbers fed;
Dead wine, that stinks of the Borachio sup,
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?
Say, would'st thou bear all this to raise thy store,
From six in the hundred to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For not to live at ease is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour;
Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all
A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.

But hark, a voice; 'tis Avarice that cries,
'The day advances fast, for shame, arise.'
Back on his bed the drowsy sluggard falls;
Again he sleeps, again his tyrant calls,
Arise I say, arise. But what to do?
Wealth through the world at every risk pursue.
Bring luscious wines from Coa's fruitful shores,
Transport from Asia half its wonted stores;
Dare the wild wastes of Afric's steril soil,
Thy camels load with oriental spoil;
Defraud, deceive, make money if you can,
Nor think that Jove will disapprove the plan:
He, who, on earth, for heaven alone shall live,
Will know full soon how much the Gods can give.
Awhile the voice of Avarice prevails,
Already, in your thought, you spread your sails,
The fam'd Egean in your mind explore,
And brave the stormy Euxine's barbarous shore;
But still, as on your downy bed you lie,
You hear the voice of Luxury reply.
'Whither, O madman, whither would'st thou run,
Across what seas, beneath what sultry sun?
Is then thy bile so hot, as to require
Whole urns of hemlock to assuage the fire;
A sparing supper can'st thou stoop to eat,
Bad wine thy beverage, and a rope thy seat:
And thus to add a trifle to thy store,
And swell the sum, which was enough before?
Ah, think, vain schemer, how the moments fly;
The instant now observ'd is time gone by.
Seize then the hour; thy way with roses strew;
Thy days make happy, for they must be few,
Enjoy the world, ere yet oblivion be,
And dust and ashes all that rest of thee.'

In Dr. Johnson's sublime criticism upon Paradise Lost, it is truly observed, that we read Milton for instruction, and look elsewhere for recreation: we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Of the companions, thus alluded to, there is not, perhaps, one so familiar to every classical mind, so dear to every classical taste, as Horace. In the commencement of our juvenile studies, we drudge through other writers with reluctance, in him we immediately find amusement and delight. When led, at an early age, from classical literature, by our various pursuits, we adhere to this our first favourite, and often cherish him alone as our associate in the pleasures, our solace in the toils, and our refuge from the inquietudes of life.

The moralist may mourn that genius and strong passions are connected, but the philosopher and man of the world know that this is a frequent alliance. The reader of Sully's memoirs will discover innumerable instances of the ardency of passion in Henry of Navarre, one of the greatest and most amiable of princes. We may find Alciabades at the feet of an Aspasia, and Julius Cæsar at more than one toilet.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair he gave the world.

Edward, our fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care;
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir—
Chang'd peace and power for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair D'Estree;
When quitting Coutras, prosperous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent,
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame,
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

The following is in the best manner of Paris vivacity, and is a pretty picture of a faint-hearted and bashful lover:

THE IRRESOLUTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Thyrsis has charms, address, and art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
With all his grace, and parts, and merit,
The timid boy's devoid of spirit.

The other day, in amorous chat,
He said, as in a *grove* we sat,
How happy, Nannette could I be,
Were I at home, *alone*, with thee.

Early next morn, just as he said,
He came, and—caught *me in my bed!*
Sigh'd, gaz'd, and talk'd of wond'rous love,
And wish'd me with him—in the *grove*.

MISCELLANY.

[The stile of Mr. Boyle has been finely ridiculed by Swift, in his "Meditations on a Broomstick". The stile of Mr. James Hervey in his "Contemplations" is equally exposed to just Criticism and merry ridicule. The following essay at the expense of that fustian which is so much admired by the vulgar, will be read with extreme delight, by all who have a correct taste, or a relish for wit and humour.]

Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis: levibus enim atque inanibus sonis ludibria quædam excitando effecistis, ut corpus enervaretur et caderet. Grandis, et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. PETRONIUS.

Allow me to say that you have been among the first corrupters of the true eloquence: you have substituted, indeed a kind of mockery of it, while the real substance is perishing. An elevated and chaste style of oratory is not tricked out with cumbrous ornament; but recommends itself by its own natural beauty.

In the course of these Papers some pains has been taken to discountenance that false refinement to which the present age is tending, and towards which every age and nation inclines, at a certain period of its growth. But it is not enough to expose that mock sensibility of manners which has borne away the rewards of genuine feeling,—of that feeling which is too dignified to be loquacious. There is also a mock sensibility in the *writings* of some men, that deserves all the ridicule which can be thrown upon it, as it falsifies the natural tones of virtue, and

debauches our relish of the sublime in morals. I have before remarked the alliance which subsists between taste and morality; the truth is, that the one is rarely corrupted, without some depravation of the other. He who ingrafts upon his stock of virtue solecisms in taste, and distorted ideas of elegance and beauty, however upright and pure his theory may be, will hardly escape continual absurdity in his practice and deportment. There is a decorum in truth, and in every thing in which truth is concerned, that demands a certain severity of dress, and simplicity of ornament; and virtue, methinks, has an honest sort of language in which she loves to express herself, and which, though by no means preclusive of elegance, disdains that gaudiness of phrase and imagery which may be necessary to meaner subjects.

Religion and virtue are not always assisted by their busiest friends; and there is an officiousness in some of their advocates which disappoints their purposes, and brings no honour to the cause: of this number are those who are forever introducing their favourite themes, however little they harmonize with the subjects they are upon; or, when their principal concern is with these sacred topics, are perpetualty degrading them with low allusions and comparisons, and laying under contribution to them the whole of the natural world in a strain of symbolical enthusiasm. At the head of these raving philosophers, is the author of certain meditations upon tombs and gardens, one who could find a resemblance between religion and a radish, or draw the fire of devotion out of cucumbers; to whom every thorn was the thorn of Glastonbury and every bush contained a divinity; who could make up the ten commandments into a nosegay for the bosom, and squeeze morality for a dozen pages out of a green gooseberry. I shall suppose this gentleman, after a visit to Covent-garden market, detailing, in a letter to a lady, the reflexions which occurred to him on so moving an occasion.

"*Mr dear Madam*,

"After following my melancholy march among the silent dead, and my gayer progress among the garden flowers, you will not refuse me your gentle society in a moral stroll through this instructive scene. What a delicious confusion of tongues! One might imagine one's-self at the building of the Tower of Babel: but who can wonder, where there is so much to nourish contemplation, and to prompt the tongue, that this most amiable part of the creation should exalt their tones, and give a loose to those laudable feelings which the objects before them inspire? What a rich and varied repast here offers itself to the thinking mind! In this view the luxury of courts, and the appointments of princes, must yield up the palm to yon loaded jackass, that seems to smile significantly as he trots on with his vegetable burden. Approach, thou venerable beast, for in those symbolical baskets which grace your comely sides I read important lessons of life, and a vegetable kind of philosophy sprouts up in my view. Jog on, my gentle friend; and let it render your burden light, to reflect that it is all instruction which you carry. In the mean time my thoughts shall ramble to the place whence you set out on your morning's progress, saluting the sun-rise with a bray of exultation. And why should not the kitchen-garden be as great a school of morality as the beds of the flaunting flowers, or the silent sepulchres of the dead? Or why should I injure the olitory, by seeming thus to doubt of its attractions? If the tomb and the grave present us with wholesome mementos of mortality and revival, may we not find as striking emblems of both, in those regions where what goes in a dead seed, comes out a living cabbage? Shall the vegetable tribes hide their diminished heads before the children of Flora, so long as the mouth shall maintain its due pre-eminence over the nose? So long, too, as the bean shall rival with its odours the choicest essences of the parterre, while, on the other side, the most unrefined feeder would die of hunger amidst the richest exuberance of jessamines and roses.

"But let me spare my eloquence—for either I am duped by the illusions of an enthusiastic fancy, or yon artichoke, with its hundred tongues, is raising itself on its stalk, to plead the cause of its esculent brethren:—and even the low-born and grovelling potatoe might, on such an occasion, rise from its earthy habitation, and, in a strain of native Hibernian eloquence, confound the boldest orator in the courts of Flora. And which could we select, among all these various tribes, as better entitled to the honourable privilege of pleading for the rest? For surely we shall not, like the worldling, measure desert by external standards; we shall not appreciate the pulp of the potatoe by the humility of the situation in which it grows, or under-rate the qualities of this precious plant because its retiring modesty renders it necessary to dig it from its courted obscurity. Rather shall this circumstance convince us, if we doubted it before, of its title to our respect. And why does it sequester its plain, I had almost said clumsy form, from the sight of man, but for the noblest purposes, viz. that when our summer-friends of the garden have deserted us in our need, it may bring forth its stores in the winter adversity of our tables, and endure, for the gratification of our capricious appetites, sometimes the ordeal of the gridiron, sometimes the martyrdom of the faggot, and sometimes the lingering and cruel persecution of the salamander.

"Alas, poor potatoe! Oh! that a more eloquent tongue than mine were employed in singing thy praises, and asserting thy claims? But I will leave thee to that happy consciousness of deserving a reward, which, to the virtuous, ever constitutes that reward itself, and pursue my exquisite meanderings among the other sons and daughter of the spade, my eyes watering with gratitude, and my mouth with appetite, as I range through the delicious cohort of turnips, cabbages, kidney-beans, radishes, browncole—not forgetting thee, thou *sacred* artichoke of Jerusalem!—O how tumultuously mingle in my breast emotions of delight, at the lavishness with which the culinary stores are showered around, and of self-abasement at the reflection how little worthy am I of the most insignificant stick of horse-radish which at once garnishes and improves the titled loin that smokes upon my Sunday-board! like some fair one, at once beautiful and wise, that graces our dwelling while she meliorates our minds. And as I throw my glistening eye around, a sweet perplexity where to open the theme of wonder, forces adown my glowing cheek that tear which stood ripe for its fall. My heart roves from one topic of admiration to another; and, like the humble beast in the fable, my gratitude is in danger of starving, from inability to choose between the rival delicacies which solicit my preference.

"O why will the fickle ones of this world devote themselves to the charms of variety, and pall their sensuality by the ceaseless repetition of vapid pleasures, while their garden gates stand open day and night, and invite them to scenes of inexhaustible profusion and incomparable delight!—Scenes that might leave Methuselah in the last year of his life, yet but beginning to investigate their beauties! In this we should do well to imitate, instead of destroying, the curious caterpillar, who is never content with wandering through the mazes of the cauliflower—and the contemplative hog, who never manifests such genuine transport, as when an opportunity is yielded him of revelling with inquisitive snout in the territories of Vertumnus; while we jealously bar his researches, by inserting that envious ring in his nostrils which would far better become our own, when we intrude them into the concerns of our brethren.

"Ah! how long might the eye rest unsated on the upright graces of those aspiring asparagus, that bristle up their vegetable spears, as if in defiance of the mightiest children of the garden? while yon crouching cabbages, that grow at their feet, seem to spread abroad their leafy arms, as if to acknowledge their prowess and implore their mercy. Well may the end of the former be to lose their heads, the death of the valiant—and well may the latter be the constant emblem of the knights of the thimble, nine of whom are required, by the contemptuous arithmetic of the vulgar, to compose an individual man. Yet, as the bee can extract honey from the nettle, so can charity find good in the cabbage. Thus let us not scoff at the dastardliness of this production, without at the same time drawing a lesson of unanimity from the ways of this numerous family.

"O Foxite and Pittite, Jacobin and Aristocrat, Atheist and Christian! blush ye all at your enmities and divisions, while ye see the Early, York, the Sugar loaf, the Battersea and the Scotch-kale, with all their hostilities of season, colour, form, and flavour, growing side by side, and each meekly tolerating the diversities of the other! Shall man and wife still pollute the annals of matrimony by divorces and separations, while the purple brocoli and the snowy cauliflower, possess one bed! And shall history stain her page with the animosities of the white and red rose, while the white and red cabbage are content to vegetate on the same soil, simmer in the same pot, and smoke upon the same table?

"O philanthropic root! that, like some bountiful father of a family, not content with yielding us the fruit of its own sound heart, dedicates its posterity to our use, in that profusion of sprouts, which it supplies to us from its own parent stock! O how unlike the penurious pea, that obliges us to tear open its bowels for its globular treasures! while even for these we are indebted to our own industry, in supporting its sluggard tendrils, which else would sordidly creep and wither on the ground. So, many a profligate genius of this world would suffer his talents to moulder away in indolence, but for some solicitous friend, that with salutary severity, forces them into exertion.

"Not less harsh, nor less beneficial in its agency, the stimulating chamomile, that, like a rigid, yet loving confessor descends into the depths of our bosoms, and compels us to discharge their foul and peccant accumulations. And see too, where, in the hue of innocence, humbly shews its head the pious parsnip, that pays us its annual Lenten visit, and, by its significant insipidity, points out to us the tastelessness of worldly pleasures and pursuits? And what are those two that suddenly strike my sight, whose name shews them to be allied, while their shape and properties betoken irreconcileable contrariety? They are French and Windsor beans—O how pertinently so named? The former, in its spare form and scattered growth, aptly representing the meagre figures and disunited state of the people from whom they have their name, while the mangled and massacred condition in which they are brought to our boards still more forcibly typifies the savage ferocity with which they have substituted the sword for the sceptre.

"Turn your eye from the painful picture, to

contemplate its like in name, as its antagonist in nature, the Windsor bean—and admire, with me, how appositely the fair rotund form of its contents represents the honest British plumpness of the gracious Potentate whose residence has furnished its title—while the clustering manner in which they hang from their luxuriant branches adumbrates the numerousness and concord of his royal offspring. But see where on this side spires the coss, and on that spreads the brown Dutch lettuces—plants that instruct us by their very nothingness! Those very leaves that in the natural state are considered but as provender for the swine, O how sweetly, how gratefully do they salute the palate, when aided by the delicious provocatives of the cruet stand.

"Let us hence collect the emptiness and unserviceableness of man in his natural state, and the high things of which he is capable, when heightened by the precious sauce of education. And let the mystic artichoke, which once more arrests my attention, read us a lecture of human life: may not I be indulged in the pleasing, even the fanciful supposition, that the leaves with which it is so munificently arrayed, may have been designed as emblems of the years through which we pass in our human pilgrimage, which, as each is exhausted, gradually unfold to us the choke of mortal miseries—those miseries, like that choke, covered over with a flimsy coating of comfort, which, moreover, we ever burn our fingers in endeavouring to obtain; till, at length arrived at the bottom, or death, our difficulties are at an end, and our sweets begin?

"But what ambiguous root is here? whose flavour contradicts to our palates the report made by its form to our eyes—The turnip-radish. O let it warn us against the wily foe, that cheats our credulous eyes with the smooth turnip of tenderness, while inwardly he bites us with the sharp radish of rancour. Nor let yon hypocritic onion less admonish us of the insiduous wretch, that can force tears from our eyes at one moment, and at the next annoy us with the foul breath of defamation; and, to render his machinations still more fatal, can lay us asleep while they are working. And see too, how those callous cucumbers, though ripened and fostered beneath the genial glass of protection, shall return the benefactions of their patron with coldness at least, if not with bitterness.

"And as, at the moral uses of these vegetable riches, so let us admire the contrivance which has accommodated each with its appropriate form and structure, which it could not exchange but with disadvantage. How should we smile to see the cumbrous cauliflower hanging, like an infant with a dropsied head, from the slim spires of the asparagus! or the diminutive pea, which we now behold so artfully emboxed in its commodious mansion, loosely scattered like the potatoe beneath the earth, while the hours of the impatient cook would pass in the tedious toil of separating the little balls from the clods amidst which they would be lost! And, in return, the rugged and hardy potatoe, transplanted from its subterraneous abode into the slender and silken shell which we now see so aptly tenanted by the miniature globes of the pea? What room should we find for extolling the artifice of creation, if the artichoke, of which we have already admired the progressive conformation, should exhibit its parts in an inverted series? if the moist and marrowy bottom were taken from its needful asylum in the inmost recesses of the plant, and laid bare to the beating hail and blowing blasts, while the tough and sturdy leaves should be translated from their present characteristical exposure, to an useless security within! In all these cases, would not the transposition equally offend the eye of the spectator, and the interests of each individual product!

"Thus rich, thus copious, does the page of horticulture appear, even in the feeble epitome of it which is here exhibited. Ah! would we but study it as it deserves! would we but resort as eagerly to its more refined and symbolical, as we do to its grosser though not more substantial advantages, we should find it speak a language of reason and religion, that would set all the subtleties of logic, and all the systems of ethics at defiance. With such a clue to guide us through the labyrinths of life, no process would occur in the cultivation of our beds, which would not give a lesson to our consciences, while it provided a meal for our tables. We should not then water a plant, without dropping, at least from our mind's eyes, the fostering tears of transport over our growing virtues, or of repentance over our transgressions. We should not rake the stones, or root the weeds from our foul ground, without at the same time raking out the foul passions with which our hearts are choked and overrun—or roll the gravel of our walks, without adverting at the same time to the rising turbulence of our desires, which need to be pressed down by the roller of reflexion. Above all, we should not fail to impress on our hearts the fragility and transitoriness of all sublunary things, when we consider how soon the luxuries of the garden fade away, and elude the most confident hopes of hunger.

"O let the ambitious man learn to despise the ladder on which he stands, while he considers that yon towering artichoke shall shortly wither on its stem, or be scalded in the pot! O let the lover withdraw his adoration from Chloe's eyes, when he sees the blushing apple of love droop and shrivel in the odious embraces of time, and the amorous pea torn from its darling stick, and sacrificed to the voracity of man! O let the epicure renounce his delicacies while he reflects that, like yon cauliflower, he shall soon administer to the gluttony of the worm! and the fop his essences, while he faints at the fumes from those corrupted beans, so late the pride of vegetable fragrance!—In a word, let all the hunters after worldly delights resign their ardour for them, as they contemplate that period when kings and cabbages, popes and peas, sages and sallads, beauties and brocoli, artichokes and archbishops, lords and leeks, princes and parsnips, tyrants and turnips, cucumbers and conquerors, shall lie in one promiscuous heap of sapless putrefaction."

I do seriously apprehend that these false models have been so successful in corrupting the taste of the public, that it may be necessary to apprise some few of my readers, that what they have been reading is really not sublime.

BIOGRAPHY.

[No species of writing, says a celebrated writer, combines in it a greater degree of interest and instruction than Biography. Our sympathy is most powerfully excited by the view of those situations and passions, which, by a small effort of the imagination, we can approximate to ourselves. Hence Biography often engages our attention and affections more deeply than History. We are more concerned by the display of individual character, than of political measures, of individual enjoyment, or suffering, than of the prosperity, or adversity of nations. Even in History, the biographical part often interests more than any other. We consider some one personage, with more attention and concern than a whole people. Our sympathetic feelings accompany Epaminondas, not the Thebans, at Leuctra and Mantinea; Hannibal, not the Carthaginians, at Cannæ and at Zama. But, though we enter warmly into the situation of those, who have been eminent for the exertion of great qualities, yet we are most deeply affected by the history of men, who have contributed much to our pleasure and advantage. The lives, therefore, of excellent writers, have ever been subjects of public curiosity. When we have read the works of a Tacitus, a Milton, a Hume, we anxiously desire to know the history of personages from whom we have derived united instruction and delight. To gratify this desire has been the reason why persons, in all ages, in which literature has been held in estimation, have taken pains to collect facts, respecting the most admired writers, which might exhibit a view of their lives and characters.

The ensuing life of one of the most correct and sublime of the modern poets, will be read attentively by those, who love to contemplate the glories of the human mind, and, we hope, will be AN EXAMPLE to some, who prefer, above every other species of elevation, that INDEPENDENCE, of spirit, if not of fortune, acquired by habits of literary industry.]

LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY, LL.B.

Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, December 26, 1716. His grandfather was a considerable merchant. His father, Philip Gray, was what was then called a money-scrivener; but being of an unsocial and inactive disposition, he rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. His mother's name was Dorothy Antrobus. They had many children, of whom our poet was the fifth, but they all died except himself in their infancy; and it has been said, that he narrowly escaped suffocation (owing to too great a fulness of blood, which destroyed the rest), but his mother ventured to open a vein with her own hand, which instantly removed the paroxysm.

He was educated at Eton school, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George, and also Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. While there he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, and Mr. Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His maternal grandfather was the clebrated Dr. Burnet.

In 1734 he removed to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and his friend West removed to Christ Church College, Oxford. They however commenced a correspondence, part of which is included in the collection of letters published by Mr. Mason. Mr. Walpole was at that time of King's College, in the same University. They frequently met, conversed on subjects of taste and drank nothing but tea.

In April 1738, West left Christ Church for the Inner Temple to study the law: and, in September following, Gray returned to London, intending likewise to apply himself to that profession, in the same society, for which purpose his father had either hired or bought him a set of chambers. But the following spring, on an invitation from Mr. Walpole, to be his companion on his travels, his intention of studying the law was not only laid aside for the time, but never after put in execution. About the end of March 1739, they set out for France together, visiting, in the course of their travels through that country, Paris, Chantilly, Rheims, Dijon, Lyons, the Chartreuse, and other places. In November they arrived at Turin: from thence proceeded to Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, &c. In July 1740, they returned to Florence, where they remained till near the end of April 1741, and then set out for Venice. An unfortunate disagreement between the two travellers, arising from the difference of their tempers, occasioned their seperation at Rheggio. Gray was from his earliest years, curious, pensive, and philosophical; Mr. Walpole was gay, lively, and, consequently, inconsiderate. The latter, however, enjoined Mr. Mason to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel; confessing that more attention and complisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment and prudence, might have prevented a rupture which gave much uneasiness to them both; tho' in 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them, by a lady who wished well to both parties.

Gray continued his journey to Venice, in a manner suited to his own slender fortune; and having continued there till about the middle of

July, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan, and Turin; and repassing the Alps, persued nearly the same route by which he had before gone to Italy.

His *Letters* published by Mr. Mason, contain a very pleasing account of many parts of his journey. His decriptions of Versailles, of the amusements of Rheims, of the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, his visit to the Grande Chartreuse, and the passage of the Alps, bear more particular marks of his genius and disposition. When he ascends the Alps, we see the native grandeur of his ideas heightened. He is scarcely any longer a mortal being, *nec vox sonat hominem;* particularly when he advances to the Grande Chartreuse, for then that wild magical enthusiasm, so natural to him, seems to possess his whole soul.

On his return from his travels, and after the misunderstanding with Mr. Walpole, when his natural melancholy, heightened by chagrin, had led his wishes to a gloomy dereliction of society, he again visited the Chartreuse. The situation was perfectly suitable to his state of mind, and there he wrote, in the *Album* of the fathers, such an *Alcaic Ode* as he himself only could have written. It is marked with all the melancholy touches of his melancholy muse, and flows with such an originality of expression, that one can scarcely forbear lamenting he did not honour his own language, by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic sentiment.

Oh tu, severi religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certe fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quam si repostus sub trabe citrea
Fulgerit auro, et Phidiaca manu)
Salve vocanti rite, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

IMITATED BY A GENTLEMAN OF SUNDERLAND.

Hear, awful genius of the solemn grove,
(And say what title best can please thine ear,
Those age-struck woods and native rivers prove
No common genius bears dominion here.
The trackless rocks, the mountain's savage height,
The broken cliff, inviting fell despair,
The deep-brown grove where reigns eternal night,
And sounding water-falls, the God declare.
In glory more than if the Citrean beam,
And Phidean art its nicest aid bestow'd,
Or high-wrought gold had shed its richest gleam,
To deck the fane of the recumbent God;)
Hear then, dread genius of the solemn grove!
Now be thy mighty power on me confest,
Propitious to thy suppliant's wishes prove,
And give to him the placid joys of rest:
But if stern Fortune should forbid my flight,
To taste the sweets of sacred Silence' reign,
Should she recall me from the darling sight,
And dash amid the storms of life again;
At least allow to my declining age
A calm retreat from all the cares of life,
Safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,
And far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

He returned to England September 1, 1741, and, in about two months afterwards, buried his father; who, by the neglect of his business, and an injudicious waste of money upon a new house at Wanstead, which sold for two thousand pounds less than its original cost, so much lessened his patrimony that he considered himself too poor to study the law, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. These two sisters, for many years, kept an India warehouse in Cornhill, under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. Having acquired a decent competency, they retired on account of Mr. Gray's death to Stoke, near Windsor, and resided at the house of their other sister Mrs. Rogers, lately become the widow of a gentleman of that name, who had followed the profession of the law, but had retired from business many years before his death.

The narrowness of Gray's circumstances was now a cause of distress, but it was not the *only* cause. He had lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole. He had lost much time in his travels: and he reflected that whatever improvements he had made during those intervals, either in taste or science, they would benefit him little in his present situation and exigencies. Nor was this all. On his return, he found the friend of his heart overborne by a consumption and family distresses; and these, alas! were burdens which friendship could not remove. West's health declined daily, and he removed from London, for the benefit of better air, to David Mitchell's, esq. at Popes, in Hertfordshire. During an interval of something more than two months, these friends maintained a constant correspondence on subjects of literature and their classical studies. The last letter from West is dated May 11, 1742. Gray returned an answer May 27. Immediately afterwards, he went on a visit to his relations at Stoke, where he wrote his *Ode on the Spring*. He sent it, as soon as written, to his beloved friend; but West had done with the amusements and agitations of life before it reached Hertfordshire.

A kind of presentiment is expressed in that pathetic piece, which cannot fail to interest the feelings of readers of taste. This event also threw melancholy graces on the *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, and on the *Ode to adversity*, both of them written the August following. Thus what some readers might impute to a splenetic melancholy, sprung from the most benevolent of all sensations.

It is probable that the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard* was begun, if not finished, about this time, tho' the conclusion, as it stands at present, is different from the first copy.

The first impulse of his sorrow gave birth to a little sonnet, on the Petrarchian model, which is exceedingly tender and mournful.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amourous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasures bring to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Having made a visit of some length at Stoke, where he wrote a considerable part of his more finished poems, he returned to Cambridge, which from this period, became his principal residence. Yet, during the lives of his mother and aunts, he spent his summer vacations at Stoke, and afterwards in making little tours or visits to his friends in different parts of the country. The conveniences resulting from that situation, to a person of circumscribed fortune and a studious life, were, in his estimation, more than a counterbalance for the dislike, which, on several accounts, he bore to the place. He was admitted to the degree of a Bachelor of the Civil Law in the winter of 1742. From this time he appears to have laid aside composition almost entirely. Less pleased in exerting his own powers than in contemplating the exertions of others, he applied himself, with intense assiduity to the study of the best Greek authors: insomuch, that in the space of about six years, he had not only read but digested almost every writer of note in that language; remarking by the mode of common place, their contents, their difficult and corrupt passages; and all this with the accuracy of a critic, added to the diligence of a student.

During this interval he expressed his aversion to the ignorance and dullness which appeared to surround him; but of what he intended on this subject, a short fragment only remains, which seems to have been intended as a *Hymn to Ignorance*. What he wrote of it is purely introductory.

In 1744 he appeared to have relinquished any father solicitations of the muse. Mr. Walpole notwithstanding, being desirous to preserve what he had already written, and to perpetuate the merit of their deceased friend, importuned him to publish his own poems, together with those of West, but this he declined, from the apprehension, that the joint stock of both would hardly fill a volume.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Continuation of the History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from the year 1748, to 1765:—with an introductory sketch of events from its original settlement.—By George Richards Minot, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. VOL. II. Boston, printed for James White and Co. proprietors, by Manning and Loring, June, 1803.

[Concluded.]

We have seen in the chapters of this work, immediately preceding, the effects of ignorance, presumption, and the insolence of power, in parliaments and ministers of state; the dark and winding path of ambitious artifice in colonial leaders; their intrigues at home, and their misrepresentations to the government in England. The pliability of the provincial legislature, and the means by which one man of address and activity, could obtain over them an influence, capable of counteracting the strongest feelings, and, in some sort, the interests of their constituents. In the eighth chapter, which remains unfinished, we have a delineation of the excesses and outrages of a frenzied populace.

At the meeting of the general court, in January 1765, the same temper predominated which had prevailed at the close of the preceding session. The proceedings between the governor and the legislature were moderate and conciliatory; though strong symptoms of discontent and distrust appeared between the house of representatives and the council. Little business of importance was transacted at this time: nor was the crisis destined to arrive until the expectation of the public mind had been carried to the highest pitch, by the certain information that the stamp-act was passed. Even then, at the annual renewal of the general court in May, the counsellors of the former year were re-elected: a circumstance which Mr. Minot thinks it impossible to account for, unless from the operation of some intrigue. The governor then addressed them in a speech, which left altogether unnoticed the cause of the general alarm; "and in answer to which it was not to be expected that the present council could be induced to take it into view."

The house of representatives, however, soon burst asunder the shackles which had so long incumbered them. "Instead of answering the illusive speech of the governor, they proceeded to business of more importance to their constituents. After considering the difficulties of the colonies, and what dutiful address it might be proper to make to his majesty and the parliament, respect-

ing the late laws, they proceeded *to lay the foundation of the American Revolution:* they voted that it was highly expedient there should be a meeting as soon as might be, of committees from the houses of representatives or burgesses in the several colonies on the continent, to consult together on the present circumstances of the colonies and the difficulties to which they then were, and must be reduced by the operation of the late acts of parliament for levying duties and taxes on the colonies, and to consider of a general and humble address to his majesty and the parliament to implore relief: that the meeting should be held at New-York, on the first Tuesday of October following: and that letters be forthwith prepared and transmitted to the respective speakers of the several houses of representatives or burgesses, to advise them of this resolution, and to invite them to join by their committees in the meeting. The house then prepared the form of a circular letter and appointed a committee in behalf of Massachusetts, consisting of James Otis, John Worthington and Oliver Partridge, Esquires; but Mr. Worthington excusing himself from the service, Timothy Ruggles, Esq. was chosen in his room."

Soon after this, the general court adjourned. But the stamp-act added to the previous statute for raising a revenue in America, had kindled a spirit among the people, which could not be kept within the bounds of a sober legislature. What the house of representatives was thus taking measures to *oppose*, the inhabitants of the town, were, with a zeal equally ardent and more impetuous, preparing to *resist*. The delegated body was exerting all its endeavours to obtain the removal of the laws. The constituent body manifested the determination of never submitting to them. The majesty of the sovereign people, let loose its indignation, and the monster Anarchy stalked forth, with violence and outrage in his hand....ruin and desolation in his train.

The riotous proceedings commenced on the fourteenth of August; by an effigy of Andrew Oliver, who was to have been the distributer of stamps, which with a variety of emblematical figures, suggested by the imagination of inflamed passions, was found hanging on the celebrated liberty-tree, in Boston, and at night was burned in front of Mr. Oliver's house. The house itself was at the same time assailed, entered and ransacked by the incensed sovereign who destroyed part of the furniture. Thence they went off to Mr. Hutchinson's house, which they threatened, but for this time spared, at the intreaties of a man who had some influence over them. "Had the popular indignation stopped here (says Mr. Minot) the degree of violence might have been considered as justified by the provocation; and such as was necessary to give a tone to the proceedings of the public agents. But this line was soon passed over, and the cause was essentially injured, and disgraced by increased outrage and brutal destruction. Perhaps the sun of liberty must always rise in the mist of anarchy, and gradually dispel its noxious vapours, as he ascends to his meridian lustre."

The measures taken by the governor, at this juncture, were calculated rather to encourage than to suppress these disorders. The council sat the greater part of the day, but with the timidity, which is so common among magistrates on the first appearance of popular resistance against their authority; they concluded that by yielding to the torrent they should avert its ravages. They did nothing. Mr. Hutchinson alone, obtained from the governor, an order to the colonel of the regiment in Boston, to call out his troops; but did not use it. He likewise attempted to disperse the rioters by his own influence; but only met with ill treatment, and was compelled to seek his personal safety by flight.

Impunity is always sure to aggravate popular licentiousness. Mr. Hutchinson, retired, after these proceedings, to his seat in the country, and returned on the twenty-sixth of the same month, to witness the destruction of his house.

"About twilight a bonfire in King-Street was the signal for assembling, and when the number of rioters had become sufficient, they proceeded to the house of William Story, Esquire, deputy register of the court of vice-admiralty, whose office was unpopular, and whose conduct was said to have given offence to many. This was laid open to their rage, and his private papers, as well as the records and files of the court, were consigned to the flames or otherwise destroyed. The house of Benjamin Hallowell, junior, Esq. comptroller of the customs, next met their fury. After breaking his windows, they entered, destroyed his furniture, purloined his money and papers, and rioted on the liquors in his cellar, until intoxication heightened their rage to madness. Thus brutalized, they directed their course to the lieutenant governor's dwelling, where his domestic happiness in the enjoyment of his children at once formed a striking contrast to their diabolical employment, and furnished desirable victims for their malice. This family circle was instantly dispersed, and after closing the house, Mr. Hutchinson was constrained to follow, by secret passages, to save his life. All was now delivered up to a triumphant demonocracy which exercised its force effectually until day-light, when one of the best houses in the province was presented in complete ruin, the very partitions being beat down, and nothing remaining but the naked walls and floors. The plate, family pictures, most of the furniture, wearing apparel, the books and manuscripts, which had been thirty years collecting, with about nine hundred pounds sterling in cash, were stolen away or destroyed."

After all this was accomplished, the inhabitants of Boston in full town-meeting voted their disapprobation of all such violent proceedings: and the magistrates, the military, and the executive all prepared to suppress their repetition. Some few of the rioters were apprehended, but afterwards broke gaol and escaped.

The subject upon which Mr. Minot had next entered, was an account of the proceedings of the general court, at their meeting which followed next after the riots. But here the work breaks off. A short fragment introductory to the ninth chapter, was written before the eighth was finished, and closes the present volume.

The character of Mr. Minot as an historian has long been known, and is equally conspicuous in the present publication, as in any of those which appeared in his life time. It is peculiarly remarkable for moderation and impartiality. The moral sense of the author respecting every transaction he records is easily inferred from the light in which he places it, but the spirit of a partizan is never suffered to appear. He extenuates nothing on his own side, he sets down nought in malice against the other.

His style has sometimes been criticised, as too plain and unadorned for the language of history. But on maturer consideration it will perhaps be found, that it was a style most happily adapted to the subjects of which he treated. There is a certain period in the progress of taste, when a reader is fastidious to every thing but fine periods; when the value of all writings is estimated, barely by the adventitious splendours with which they are invested, and when the manner of an author is deemed of much higher importance than his matter. This is the propensity natural to the youth of literature, and is perfectly analogous to that taste for personal decoration which distinguishes the period of youth, in ordinary life. At a more advanced age, and with a mo tivated taste, more regard is paid to the substance and less to the form. We learn to distinguish between the man and his attire....between the author aud his style. We become sensible that even the pomp of diction is not always in its place. We return to the natural and original taste for neat simplicity, and once more can peruse with keener relish, a Spectator of Addison, than a Rambler of Johnson. At this stage of advancement, I think no reader will object to the style of Mr. Minot; all will pronounce it closely adapted to the nature of his subject, and as such deserving of praise and not of censure.

Prefixed to this volume, is a biographical *note*, concerning the author, which we wish had been extended further, and more liberal of particulars. The reason why it was so very much abridged, probably was, because the eighth volume of the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, published this year, already contains an ample and satisfactory account of his life, together with various extracts from his journal. This may be admitted as an apology, if not as a justification.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

London, October 29, 1776.

Dear Sir,

Though I have little to write to you, at present, that is worthy of your attention, yet I would not delay a moment to acknowledge the receipt of your favours of October 22, and to assure you how much I am flattered by the expectation of a correspondence, from which I hope to receive frequent favourable accounts of the welfare of a person, for whom I have the most perfect esteem.

I arrived only three days ago, from my tour, which puts it out of my power to give your friend such advices, relative to his speculations on tobacco, as I could wish. I am sorry you should think it necessary to send me any extracts in order to apologize—I presume he will be governed, in this business, by the appearance of the continuation of the American war.

From what I can learn, our court is much elated by the late successes at Long-Island, and by an account, which they give credit to, though they have received no direct advices themselves from General Howe, that the king's troops are in possession of New-York, without any loss. It is said the king's speech is to breathe the spirit of war, and to recommend vigorous measures, as the proper means to bring his deluded subjects to a due subordination—that his majesty has received assurances from the different powers of their pacific intentions, notwithstanding which he thinks it prudent to arm. Yesterday we had a very strong press, and an embargo laid on the exportation of provisions, by which it appears that our court have other objects, beside the American war, to attend to. There is a very sincere disposition, in a considerable part of this kingdom, to reconcile with America, on a liberal plan, but yet, notwithstanding they count forty lords, of the first family and fortune in the kingdom, and one hundred and sixty commoners, it can little prevail against the vast influence of the crown, and can serve no further than to assure their brethren on the other side of the Atlantick, that there is a considerable body in this kingdom, who disclaim any intentions to enslave them, who wish them to enjoy the same rights as themselves, and with whom, in better times, it might be safe for them to unite, as they consider the liberty of England to depend on the preservation of the liberty of America. I, perhaps, may have been misinformed with regard to the purport of the

king's speech, you will, however, in a few days, see that at large, and the protest of the minority, in the London Evening Post, which is the paper most to be depended upon for American matters.

I did not know that your friend was at Paris till just before I left it. It is probable I may return there in the spring, and should be very happy to be favoured with your introduction to a person, who bears so near a relation to you, and whose studies are similar to mine.

You will oblige me, my dear sir, by giving me frequent accounts of your health, and pardon me if I am not so good a correspondent as your friendship merits, as I am under a necessity of making soon some long journies to different ports of the kingdom.

I am, with the greatest esteem, &c.

T. Ellis.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals have been issued in Boston, for publishing, by subscription, a new and improved edition of the New-England's Memorial; first published in the year 1669—by Nathaniel Morton, secretary of Plymouth colony: to which will be added, a valuable Tract, by the same author, composed in the year 168-, and which has never been printed.

This Tract, composes part of the first volume of the Records of the first church in Plymouth: it was intended to supply many omissions in the Memorial, and was compiled principally, from the manuscripts of governor Bradford.

Historical and explanatory notes, will be added by the present editor, together with a map of the old colony of Plymouth; in which the Indian, as well as the English names of places, will be inserted.

The New-England's Memorial, contains a faithful and interesting narrative, relative to the settlement, and infant state of our country. It was first published in London, and received with great approbation, by the people of New-England, and by all who felt interested in the great and magnanimous enterprise which it records. Some of the first characters in church and state, gave their testimonials of the merit of the work; and in every succeeding generation, it has been perused with pleasure and improvement.

To the second edition, published in 1721, there was annexed, a Summary, by another hand, bringing down the history of the colony, though in a brief manner, to its incorporation with Massachusetts, in 1692.

It is a work, that principally relates to the colony of Plymouth: but the author frequently adverts to transactions and events, in the neighbouring colonies. It has long been out of print; and it is hoped, that a republication, in the manner, and with the improvements contemplated, will be acceptable to all, who reverence the characters and institutions of our ancestors, and who indulge a liberal curiosity in tracing the first lines of their history.

We understand, that the above curious work, so interesting to the historian, and the antiquary, will be published under the superintendance of John Davis, Esquire, a man of genius, and a scholar of research. From such an editor, the work will appear, with every advantage, that correctness, perspicuity, and explanation, can give: and the public curiosity will be again directed to a simple, yet captivating narrative, of the adventures of our primitive pilgrims.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Licinius Crassus, one of the most eminent Orators of his time, was so overawed sometime on the opening of an important cause, that the Praetor was obliged to adjourn the Court till next day, and such was his natural modesty that he was scarcely ever able to commence a speech without trembling and turning pale.

—

The editor of the Walpole paper thus indignantly prefaces the famous correspondence between G. Jones and a *borrower*.

AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

The limits of our paper are insufficient to copy from our southern sources of information all the weighty charges which are alledged, and some of which are substantiated by signatures of living persons, against the character of the philosophic Mr. Jefferson. We do not wish by our own observations to have the appearance of stamping authenticity upon any charges which cannot be supported; but, in forbearance would rather suppress what is not capable of common proof. The following relation of a deed, for which we are at a loss for a name, in a President of the United States, but in private life should know very well what to call it, is attested by the man who is injured. The letter of Mr. Jefferson is published; and the base business is open to the view of every man who will take the trouble to read it.

"*Queen.* Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

—

No appointment of Mr. J————, since he has been President of the United States courts observation and abhorrence more than that of Matthew Lyon, as commissary for furnishing supplies for the western army. Even the invitation to Paine is cast into the shade by this glaring conduct. After this, what must create surprize? The country has been long looking for the arrival of that political millennium when the only questions for political qualifications are to be "Is he honest, &c." But it would seem that this auspicious era is not to arrive till honest men come again into power. [*Farm. Museum.*

—

Political Application.

For the greatest man in America.

"I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares." [*ib.*

—

We invite the attention of a candid community to the relation of a transaction which took place between Mr. J.....n, and Mr. Gabriel Jones. We trust that those of our readers who have hitherto imbibed an erroneous opinion that Mr. J.....n, is not an economical, prudent, saving man, will, after perusal of this, discard so palpable an error. His savings and his prudence are also carried to greater lengths than are recorded any where else. He is willing, good man, not only to save his own but fifty pounds of Mr. G. Jones. This is genuine modern economy. We have here a staunch friend, not only to the *interest*, but the *principal* of the people. The democratic journals are silent on the official document. This is another specimen of their prudence; but they may rest assured that the friends of honest men and wise measures who conduct the principal sources of popular information at the southward, as well as those of New-England, will probe this proceeding to the quick. They will, they must bungle up some defence or extenuation. It will be however like the plunging horse in the mire; they will say among themselves,

————"This vile deed
We must with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse."

It is possible that the overflowing state of our Treasury at the close of the old administration, and at the commencement of the present, from arrangements put in operation by the former, was thought by Mr. Jefferson and his friends to invite some plundering power to come and empty it. Something like this was expressed in one of his public messages. The bargain, however, made by Messrs. Livingston and Munroe will entirely do away his fears, and make it as empty as his most ardent wishes would have it. After this, if Consul Bonaparte or his Britannic majesty should call for a supply, he may with Teague in the song say.

"Here, take all I have, for by J—s I've none."

—

The sticklers for national economy we think will be silent awhile since the great bargain Mr. Livingston has made with Bonaparte. A man must have less brains than a loon if he thinks this is the way to cancel our debts. Mr. Gallatin, if we recollect, in his annual report observed that the national debt would be paid in about fifteen years; but the Genevan, probably, had not in his mind's eye, this additional draft. It will tend to derange the plans of this able financier, and must discompose irreparably, his auditory nerves when the ponderous iron chests open their rusty lids to liquidate this immense demand; and to his list'ning ears.

"On their hinges grate harsh thunder."

—

For a few minutes amusement to ourselves and readers we have made the following calculations, respecting the specie to be given for the Louisiana purchase, supposing twenty dollars to weigh a pound, the whole weight of the silver would be 750,000 pounds. Allowing one thousand pounds weight for a span of horses and waggon, it would take 750 waggons to draw it and fifteen hundred horses. Supposing this immense sum to be piled up dollar by dollar, and allowing one inch for nine in altitude, it would make a pile more than three miles in height.

—

Duane attempts of late to prove that he is not a Liar. This is a puzzling negative for a knave, who falsifies with the volubility of young Wilding. Duane might as well labour to demonstrate that he does not print the Aurora

—

Instances of *boy suicide* are become so frequent in Paris, that a neat artist has contrived an elegant set of *pistolets*, or smaller sized pistols, adapted to the immediate occasions of any *young gentleman*, who is so unfortunate to have *outlived* the *pleasures* of *life*.

—

It has been made a question by some controversial divines, whether Satan, now fallen from his first estate to the infernal regions, suffers corporeal punishment in his new kingdom. Some say that his subjects alone feel the fire's 'fierce pangs,' and that himself is exempt from the torment to which they are subjected, and perhaps the poem of the immortal Milton might favour this opinion; but a different sentiment is said now to be prevalent; and since a certain presidential favourite has written seven tedious epistles to his fellow citizens, it is generally agreed that the *devil is in Paine*.

—

Some time since a member of Congress who was not content with the usual drink allowed by the house, (*molasses and water*) begged for a little *spiritous* mixture. The door keeper remonstrated against this innovation, on the ground of not knowing to *what account* he should charge this expenditure: "To what account do you charge the customary drink?" said the hon. member. "To that of *stationary*." replied the door-keeper; "then charge the brandy" rejoined the member, "to that of *fuel*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RURAL SKETCHES.

Written during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1802.

SKETCHES—No. V.

MALVON.

Full many a bard has strung the lyre,
To sing some wild meand'ring stream;
When, glowing with poetic fire,
Or wrapt in Fancy's airy dream.

Thy gentle wave, that winds along,
To pay its tribute to the sea,
Hears many a pleasant artless song,
That careless warbles o'er the lea.

Bless'd is his lot, to care a stranger,
Peace and contentment crown his toil,
No dreams of future bliss, or danger,
Disturb this tenant of the soil.

Along thy verdant banks to rove,
When Day withdraws his ardent beam,
To wander 'mid the shadowy grove,
Or launch his barque upon the stream.

To him is happiness—he knows
No joys Imagination gives;—
Content at night to find repose
On bed of straw, or gather'd leaves.

No visions haunt his peaceful slumber,
With fearful forms from Fancy's loom;
No anxious cares his breast encumber,
Nor guilt foretells his future doom.

Sweet, placid stream! when twilight's shades
Steal slowly o'er the verdant plain,
In merry throngs the village maids
Collect to hail Eve's soothing reign.

Thy shores, with polish'd pebbles spread,
Re-echo to their artless glee;
They mourn no transient pleasure fled,
They mark not how the moments flee!

To them Remembrance yields no sorrow—
Careless Contentment cheers the lawn;
With guileless hearts they meet the morrow,
And wake to toil at early dawn.

Oft on thy yielding bosom borne,
In the light skiff I spread the sail;
When fragrant zephyrs greet the morn,
And briskly blows the western gale.

Beneath yon oaks, whose mingling leaves
Exclude the fervent noontide beam,
Soft I recline;—while Fancy weaves
Her motley web, and airy dream.

Or mark the trout, his scales displaying,
As swift he cuts the opposing wave;
Or watch, upon thy margin straying,
The herd their panting bosoms lave.

May I, as through the vale of life
I trace my path, still keep in view
Thy course serene; and, free from strife,
Substantial happiness pursue.

May I preserve a heart as pure
As thy pellucid, tranquil wave;
To ride the storms of fate secure,
And fortune's adverse tempests brave.

That, when the toils of life are over,
When Fancy yields her busy reign,
Gay smiling angels round me hover,
To waft me from these realms of pain!

LYSANDER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SUN AND THE VAPOUR.

A FABLE.

Descending down the western skies,
The Monarch of the day
Ting'd the bright clouds with varied dies,
And pour'd a parting ray.

When slowly creeping up the hill,
The blue mist rear'd its head,
And o'er the vale, with aspect chill,
Its baleful influence shed.

Each flower, which to the enlivening beam,
Had spread its bloomy pride,
Now felt the pestilential steam,
Bow'd its fair buds, and died.

"Detested power, exclaim'd the Sun,
And dost thou chuse to rise,
What time my course of glory run,
I quit the reddening skies?

Know when the rosy hands of morn
The gates of Heaven unbar,
Upon my glowing chariot borne,
I'll chase thy shades afar."

Thus, when the rays of Truth arise,
And shed their steady light,
Astonish'd Slander shuddering flies,
And sickens at the sight.

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ANNIVERSARY, JUNE 29, 1792.

Once more the day returns, once more I pay,
To my lov'd maid, the tributary lay;
And, though remov'd from Leeds' delightful bowers,
Where tempered Mirth leads on the laughing hours,
Though all unskill'd to raise the lofty rhyme,
Which firmly braves the rudest shock of Time;
Yet she has said, and truth attends her words,
My tuneless song no common joy affords;
To that dear breast one transport to impart,
I'll strike the trembling string, and pour forth all my heart.

Well sung the bard in Twick'nam's classic grove,
'Say is not absence *death* to those that love?'
Now by the stream, the Muse's theme,
At silent eve I stray,
And catch the gale, which, from the vale,
Bears balmy sweets away.
Yet breathing Summer's mildest sweets,
Or murmuring through the vale,
In vain the liquid music greets
My ear, or fragrance scents the evening gale—
When Nature's charms my lonely hours employ,
Of thy dear sight bereft, I feel a death to joy.

Yet cease, complaining youth,
Was not her plighted truth
To thee, in gentlest accents, given?
And can'st thou doubt the fair,
Whose ever anxious care,
Would make thy humble lot an earthly heaven?
Can'st thou forget her charms,
When, folded in her arms,
She seal'd her blushing promise with a kiss,
Of such extatic bliss,
As now, while Fancy's phrenzied eye
Rolls in wild rapture, checks that sigh,
And all thy present grief of sting disarms?

I will not, will not mourn,
Fair Peace, my votive lyre
Shall hail thy blest return,
In strains thy presence only could inspire.
And, ah! attend my prayer,
To Hannah's bower repair,
Shed o'er her feeling breast thy softest balm;
Whisper, though dull and slow,
The heavy moments flow,
Her swain still loves to rove
Along the twilight grove,
And with her dear idea all his sorrows calm.

HARLEY.

PARODY

OF DR. DWIGHT'S "COLUMBIA."

Columbia, Columbia, to discord arise,
The world whelm in blood, and wage war with the skies;
Fair Gallia commands thee; with rapture behold,
What millions of cut throats thy borders infold.
Thy reign is the last, most licentious of time,
Inviting the rascals from every clime.
Let the deeds of the east ever crimson thy name,
Be liberty, plunder, and murder, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter while Frenchmen aspire,
Drown nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes, with them, in fraternity blend,
The murdering rights of mankind to defend.
The world is thy country, and nature thy law,
No religion, no God, shall inspire thee with awe;
On faction's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
And order o'erturn, in the world and the skies.

Thy sons shall for science in newspapers seek,
Neglect their own language and Latin and Greek;
New bards and new sages unceasingly try
To prove law a curse, and religion a lie.
To thee, of all filth the vile sewer design'd,
Shall fly, from all nations, the filth of mankind;
And here grateful Satan all vices shall bring,
For which their own country condemn'd them to swing.

Thy fair ones shall even their brothers transcend,
In striving all nature in chaos to blend;
All order disdaining, give loose to desire,
Profane pious Hymen, and put out his fire;
With all the sweet luruements of Venus refin'd,
A la Greque their loose robes shall flow wanton, in wind;
What nature dares make, they'll unblushingly show,
With lust and with rapture to teach life to glow.

No fleet shall assist thee thy power to display,
But the mandates of Gallia thy sons must obey;
Let one or five tyrants the government keep,
Thy land is her pasture, thy sons are her sheep.
Thy soldiers, as numerous as sands on the shore,
Thy fat glebe shall husband, and learn war no more;
And thy stout hearted seamen the ocean shall toil
To France to convey all the fruit of thy soil.

Thus, as down a drear lane by a grog-shop I stray'd,
The moon with a dismal black cloud was array'd,
The world to the sweets of repose had retir'd;
A gang of wild demos, with whisky inspir'd,
While scents from the dock flow'd infectious along,
Kept their orgies infernal, and bellowing sung,
'Columbia, Columbia, to discord arise,
The world whelm in blood, and wage war with the skies.'

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
AND PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND STREET.